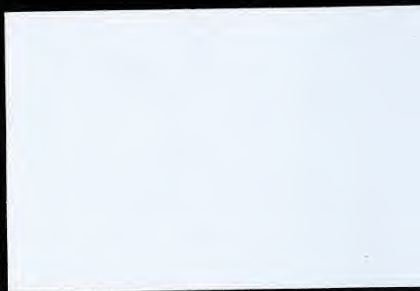


THE
YEAR'S
BRIGHT
CHAIN.





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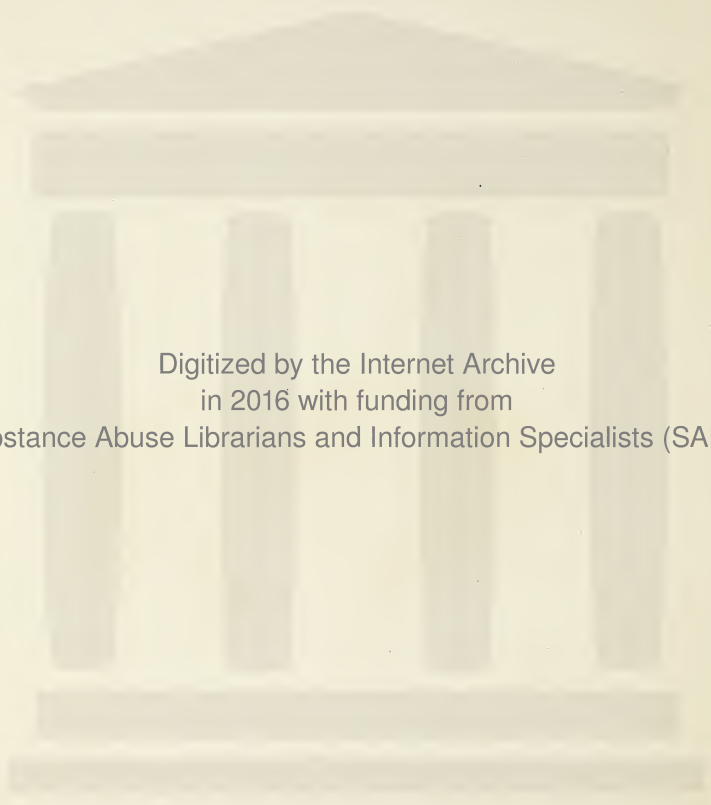
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Holly P. Hatch.
1890.



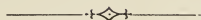
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Frances E. Willard.

THE YEAR'S BRIGHT CHAIN.



QUOTATIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF

FRANCES E. WILLARD.



Understand this, first, last, and always—THE WORLD WANTS THE BEST THING—IT
WANTS YOUR BEST.



CHICAGO :
Woman's Temperance Publication Association.
1889.



MISS WILLARD'S BIRTHPLACE



The National W. C. T. U. Convention of 1888 asked for the preparation of a children's souvenir in connection with Miss Willard's golden milestone. In carrying out this plan, it has seemed fitting that the "year's bright chain" of child-life, pictured with its varying joys and pastimes, should be associated with her whose whole life is devoted to the making of "straight paths" for "the million little feet, the little feet a-coming." Linked therewith are her own words, kindly and wise,—words that may well encircle the lives of their readers, binding them into such completeness that they shall be "nobler in purpose and stronger in strife."





What shall I bring ye, my little maid ?
 "Ribbons & gowns I may gaily wear,
 Then New Year callers,
 My Lady Fair "

"And you, my country laddie ?"
 "Coasting frolics & skating glees—
 Fair Ladye Bountiful,
 Bring me these ?"

A. M. G.



Mother.

I thank God for my mother as for no other gift of His bestowing.

Standing on the shore of the Nile, my thoughts flew across the sea — dear mother, for whom all things lovely and noble have such significance, never looked upon a palm-tree's feathery crest, nor saw it mirrored by an oriental moon upon the desert's yellow sand ! Dear mother ! did she think of me that night and pray for her far-away child ?

Boys who are good to their mothers, and to their sisters in the house, always grow up to be nice men.

A boy and his mother, a girl and her mother, may, and ought to, speak of anything that God has made. The "works of darkness" are evil ; the secret words, the deeds previous to which some one says, " But you must never tell "—these are wicked and dangerous.

THE BRUARY

"One wish **I** will grant, little maiden, today."

"**I**, if you please, sir, a valentine gay ♥ ♥"

That the postman shall bring to the door without fail —

All roses & lace by the very first mail !"

"One wish, little
country lad,
what shall it be ?"

"**A** flag & a hatchet
& sword, sir, for me,

For **W**ashington's
Birthday

is coming, you know,

And **I** must be
ready my colors,
* to show."

END



Busy-ness.

I never could see why folks should n't choose any work they liked, so it did good ; and why men should have all outdoors to themselves I never expect to understand. It's not fair to coop women up in the house ; they're not so strong as men to start with, and they need outdoors more.

I hardly know what it would be, freely to choose what one would like, but the next best thing is to like what one must choose.

There never was a busier girl than I, and what I did was mostly useful. I knew all the carpenter's tools and handled them : made carts and sleds, cross-guns and whip-handles ; indeed, all the toys that were used at Forest Home we children manufactured.

Each girl should have some particular thing that she knows how to do, and by doing which she can earn her bread. It may be work for her hand or work for her head, but whichever it is, what she does must always be pure and good, and helpful to others as well as to herself. She must study what she can best do, not what she most likes to do, and then go ahead and do it.



Oh, stop,
dear **M**arch!

I say, will you
please

A fort and some
snow-balls send me?

And have you a story
from over the seas,

And a chair by the fire to lend me?"

A Brother-of-Girls.

The ideal man is "a brother of girls," as the choice Arab proverb phrases it.

It is an immense temptation to the "sowing of wild oats" when the average youth knows that the smiles he covets will be his all the same, no matter whether he smokes, swears, drinks beer, plays cards, or not.

A boy may be a wide-awake, go-ahead young fellow, and have "lots of fun," while at the same time he is truthful, kind and generous. He need not smoke poison cigarettes, nor suck cider through a straw, in order to be happy, but the sweeter his breath, and the simpler his food and drink, the more good times he'll get.

I don't know any better fortune for a boy than to be praised by good girls, nor anything that boys like better.



"I am weeping for **M**arch,
Little maid, little man,
But tell each what you wish
And **I**ll smile if **I** can."

"**F**or me, bring the birds
And the blue sky, **I** pray."
"**A**nd for me, a good time
On our **A**pril Fool's day."

C.M.T.



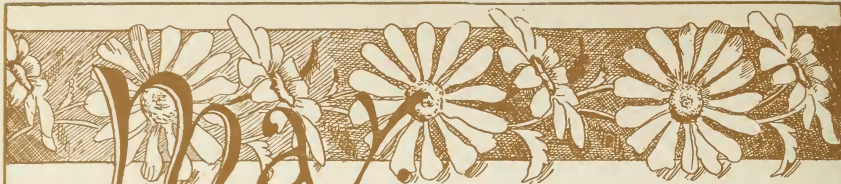
Outdoors.

When the witchery of spring-time came, we girls would take turns about waking each other, and first of all in the house would steal away to our best beloved "Outdoors." It seemed to us that we learned secrets then, such as dear old Mother Nature did not tell to most folks.

God has given us a good world. If we will use its grain and fruits as we ought, and not make them over into drinks that spoil our stomachs and befog our brains, we shall keep our health, our wholesomeness, our happiness.

With memories stored full of sunshiny days, in which were merry games, strolls through the woods and over the prairies, rides in the fields, work in the garden, I count childhood a sweet and blessed season.

Mother talked to us of God's great beauty in the thoughts He works out for us to learn about Him by ; she taught us tenderness toward every little sweet-faced flower and piping bird ; she made us see the shapes of clouds, and what resemblances they bore to things upon the earth ; she made us love the Heart that is at Nature's heart.



May



"Good day, little lad,
what is it you ask?
I must hasten away.
Till I finish my task.
I've these blossoms to
hang on the vines & trees,
But a moment I'll stay,
Children, say "what you please."

"Decoration days
& I must be ready
To march to the graves
of the soldiers in blue."
Please give me,
dear May,
just one spray of sweet
flowers,
And I'll tell our
May Queen that
her crown is from
you."



Fatherland.

I have tried to represent, as best I could, the homes of America in their sacred warfare against the American saloon.

If God be with us, we can save our country as surely as Joan of Arc crowned her king.

The women who uniformed their sons in Southern gray, and said, like the Spartan mother of old, "Come ye as conquerors, or come ye no more," are here to-night with those other women who belted Northern swords upon their boys in blue, with words as pitiful as brave. The women who embroidered stars and stripes upon the blessed flag that symbolized their love and faith, to-day have only gentle words for those who decked their "bonny flag of stars and bars" with tenderness as true and faith as fervent. We all wear our snowy badge of peace above the hearts that hate no more, while we clasp hands in a compact never to be broken, and solemnly declare, before high Heaven, our equal hatred of the rum power and our equal loyalty to God and home and native land.

The blue and the gray are emblems of nothing less than the blue sky that bends its tender arch above us all, and the gray ocean that enfolds one country and one flag.

June.

"Dear, beautiful June,
don't stay very long!

For out doors is so pretty, my sun's will
And vacation will go wrong!

come as soon as you go,
With rides on the hayloads, & swimming
you know."



"I don't want you to hurry one minute, dear June.
But stay with your roses. The brook's merry tune
Is softer & sweeter than ever this year,
As I swing in my hammock. Just hark! Don't you hear?"

C. M. T.

True Kinship.

I am proud to belong to the Universal Peace Union, and the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and to echo every word uttered by Frances Power Cobbe, of England, and George T. Angell, of America, those brave defenders of the gentle faith that "Nothing is inexorable but love," and that we are

"Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

Nothing is a light matter that makes my heart ache or the hearts of any of my human kin. God accounts nothing slight that brings a tear to any eye, a stinging flush to any cheek, or a chill to the heart of any creature He has thought fit to make and to endow with body, brain and soul.

I will speak more kindly and considerately to those whose claims are unrecognized by the society in which I live, than I will to any others. I will bow more cordially to those to whom persons of position do not bow at all, and I will try in a thousand pleasant, nameless ways to make them happier. God help me to keep my promise good !

The Chicago fire touched humanity's heart, and endeared our smitten city to the whole world. Sailors have told me that at the farthest point of the Aleutian Islands, they found that most of the natives knew three English words—Victoria, a dollar, and Chicago.

"Hurrah for the Fourth!
Please send me, July,
Some pinwheels & crackers,
And rockets that fly."



#



"July, dear, a picnic
For me if you please,
With games on the grass
And lunch 'neath the trees."

H.M.
W.C.T.U. Ch.

God's Country.

"What a shame it is that we don't have a national flower," said I, "as France and England do. I'd rather have a thistle, even, like Scotland, or a shamrock, like 'Auld Ireland,' than nothing at all," and I chose an oak leaf from my "Eagle's-Nest" tree, as America's emblem, since the nation had failed to provide one for itself, and wore it pinned to my broad-brimmed straw hat with its ribbon of blue.

Catholic or Protestant, Lutheran or Methodist, we found good hearts in all, and made common cause with every one, teaching them English, giving them writing lessons, and never receiving anything but loyalty and kindness in return. If the foreign population of this country was fairly represented at Forest Home, it is neither drunken, immoral nor irreligious, but warmly responds to every helpful word and deed, and can be Americanized if Americans will but be true to themselves and these new friends.

Mother talked to us so much about America that from earliest recollection we spelled nation with a capital N. To us our native land was a cherishing mother, like our own in gentleness and strength, only having so many more children, grateful and glad, under her thoughtful care. We loved to give her praises, and half believed that sometime, when we grew big enough and got out into the wide, wide world, we should find her and kneel to offer her our loving service and to ask her blessing.

We are true Americans at heart, and we know beyond all doubt or contradiction, ours is GOD'S COUNTRY.

Old Days

"See the waves curling up on the beach!
They want me to wade by the shore.
Goodbye, then, I'll come back by four."

"Little girl, here's some sand out of reach
Of Old Ocean." "Oh, thank you! I'll stay
Right here with my seashells to play."
P. M. T.



We, Us & Co.

If women, who have endured more misery because of the liquor traffic than any body else on earth, could only have a hand in the voting, they would soon set this whole matter right.

I believe the day will come when men and women will own the world together, for God said *they* should have dominion over it, not *he*. I would have boys and girls, men and women, go together, everywhere. If we could just make that rule, it would settle every thing, and make this a pretty good world.

We believe it does n't make any difference whether a woman is a Protestant or Catholic, whether she is black or white, cultured or ignorant, native or foreign-born ; we believe that, as a rule, women, for the sake of protection for themselves, their children and their homes, stand solidly against the dram-shop.

Work is great because it is done in a royal spirit. Work is getting to be aristocratic ; and not to work dishonorable. It is not uncharitable to say that a person who does nothing is a drone in the hive, and does not amount to anything ; it is the sweat of the brain and the sweat of the brow that makes us Somebody with a capital S, instead of Nobody with a capital N. Then let us be glad that we are workers with God.



"September, why didn't you wait,
Or linger outside of the gate?
It's so early for school & I wish
I could have just one
more day
to fish"

"Ripe apples, &
peaches & plums?
I'm glad when
September
comes
C.M.I."



W.T.P.A.

W.T.P.A.
chr.

Milestones.

Traveling the road does us more good than all we gather on the way or find awaiting us when we achieve the goal.

If a girl is a dignified human being, who has started out, "heart within and God o'erhead," upon an endless voyage wherein she sails by the stars rather than by the clock, she will never hesitate either to know or to announce just where she is on that long voyage; how many days out from childhood-land.

The holidays of fifty years! Seven weeks apiece of Christmas, New Year, and the Fourth of July, with Washington's Birthday and one's own, as milestones on life's pathway—surely that ought to be a toothsome theme, redolent of savory dinners and fragrant with good will.

I thank God that He ever thought to bring me into being, and start me out upon an endless life in which I may, if I will, grow daily more like Him.

October.

"Ouek a jolly nutting party
as we had today!" ^{pumpkin.}

"Thanks, October, for this
won't I make it gay!"

"Halloween is coming
with witches all about,
and 'goblins surely'll get you
if you don't watch out!"

C.M.T.



W.T. 1
Ch. P.A.
2

Comradeship.

It makes more difference what sort of *comrades* young folks have than what sort of teachers.

Evermore the hand of my sister Mary, so true and tender, stretches down to me, and her heavenly lips with smile of love repeat, "Tell everybody to be good."

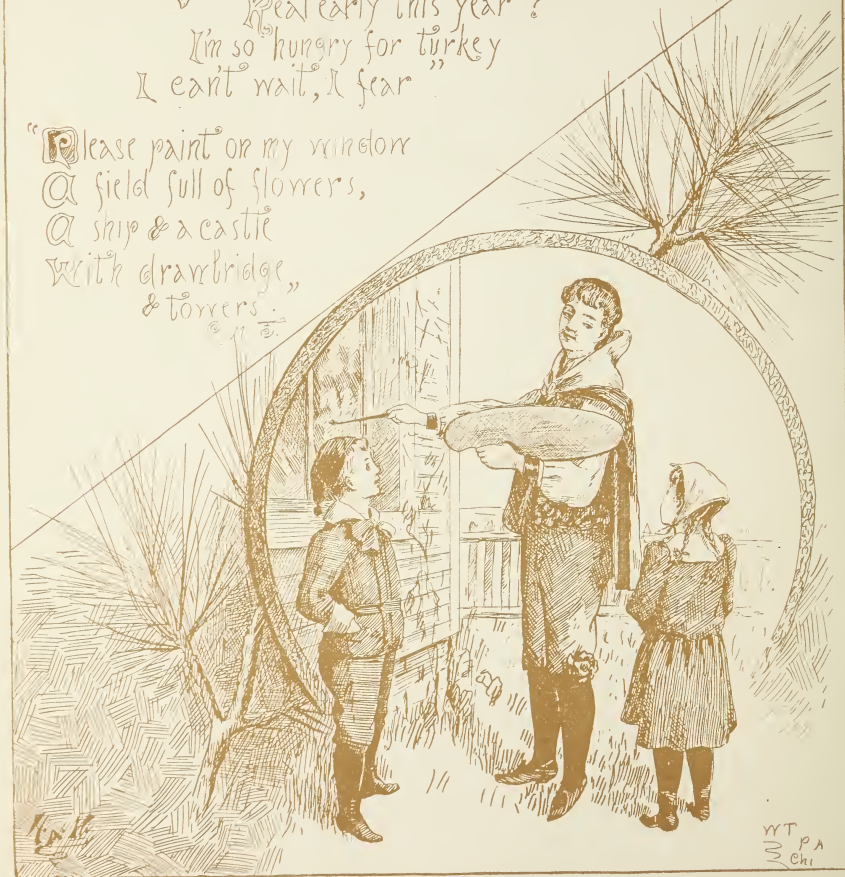
I delighted, as a child, to lie stretched out upon the grass, looking up into the blue sky, and thinking my thoughts. Sometimes I would reach out my hand appealingly to heaven, and say to my sister, "See there! could you resist a hand that so much wanted to clasp your own? Of course you could n't, and God can not, either. I believe that, though I do not see, He reaches down to me." And lovely, trusting Mary replied, "I know He does, for mother said so."

It is good for boys and girls to know the same things, so that the former shall not feel and act so overwise. A boy whose sister knows all about the harness, the boat, the gymnastic exercise, will be far more modest, genial and pleasant to have about. He will cease to be a tease, and learn how to be a comrade, and this is a great gain to him, his sister, and his wife that is to be.

November.

"Are you bringing Thanksgiving
Peal early this year?
I'm so hungry for turkey
I can't wait, I fear."

"Please paint on my window
A field full of flowers,
A ship & a castle
With drawbridge,
& towers."



Our Peaceful War.

In 1855 I cut from my favorite *Youth's Cabinet*, the chief juvenile paper of that day, a temperance pledge, and pasting it in our family Bible, insisted on its being signed by every member of the family—parents, brother, sister and self. It is still there, thus signed, and represents the first bit of temperance work I ever did.

Instead of peace I was to participate in war ; instead of the sweetness of home, never more dearly loved than I had loved it, I was to become a wanderer on the face of the earth ; instead of libraries I was to frequent public halls and railway cars ; instead of scholarly and cultured men I was to see the dregs of saloon and gambling house and haunt of shame. But women who were among the fittest gospel survivals were to be my comrades ; little children were to be gathered from near and from far in the Loyal Temperance Legion, and whoever keeps such company should sing a psalm of joy, solemn as it is sweet. Hence I have felt that great promotion came to me when I was counted worthy to be a worker in the organized Crusade for "God and Home and Native Land."

I have come to believe that it is well for us, well for our characters—those beautiful fabrics we are weaving every day—to do those things that do not make us happy, but only make us strong.

Prohibition is sure to win, and to win by votes ; may God speed the day of its blessed victory.



"For Xmas some skates,
Or a sled & some snow.
Such a good year it's been,
Oh, December, don't go!"

"For me a dear dolly
And trunk." "Well, my dears,
Farewell! And I wish you
Long, bright, happy years."

C.M.T.



Historic Paths.

When the inclined plane one is trying to walk is set on edge, as in the case of the Pyramid of Cheops, you can imagine such a "getting upstairs" as would be hard to beat! Just try, some day, in the solitude of your apartment, to step "genteelly" from floor to mantel-piece, or to the top of the bureau; do this one hundred times in fourteen minutes, and see if the achievement is n't a *feat*, though it may not be a success.

Let Egypt boast her mystic monuments, which, in the race with time, have come off grimly victorious; a Christian's eye pierces the boundless blue above their heads, and gets a glimpse of more enduring habitations, while, as he turns away from their pitiless masses of stone, his humble, happy faith sings of the "Rock of Ages, cleft for me!"

What has set us all to wandering thus among these barren hills? Why, one called Jesus walked here often, in olden times. After the fall from my horse, I thought perhaps the feet of Christ might have pressed the very stones that bruised me; could I but know it, how I should prize the wound!

My gaze rests first, last and longest, upon the central figure of the group, the matchless countenance of Him whom I shall see in the hour when all other faces shall grow dim to me, all other voices lose their significance. To one whose only hope is Christ, what a thing it is to stand here where I do, looking upon what His own eyes surely mirrored; tracing a pathway that His own feet surely trod.



